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ROY ROGERS

And The CLAIM JUMPERS

TWENTY MILES TO
WATER, TRIGGER--
BUT WE'LL MAKE
IT

TAKING A SHORT CUT BETWEEN COW TOWNS,
ROY FINDS HIMSELF IN A MIGHTY DRY SPOT.

GLAD I BROUGHT
THIS WATER! A
MAN COULD BE
OUT OF LUCK
LOOKING FOR A
DRINK ON THIS
ROAD.



WATER!

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT--?



TRIGGER! CUT IT OUT! THAT'S
NOT A GRIZZLY
BEAR!

EE-OUGH!
WAUGH!
ER-OUGH!



WATER!

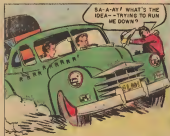
TAKE IT EASY, FELLOW



THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU'LL GET
CRAMPS, DRINKING
TOO FAST

GLUG-GLUG-
GLUG--





-- WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD IN THIS SOFT SAND, SISTER.



KEEF? YOU BRUTE--YOU'LL WRECK US!

LET PAPA TAKE OVER NOW



ALL RIGHT--LET ME HAVE YOUR TRAILER KEYS... THERE'S A MAN BACK THERE--

NEVER--YOU--YOU ROBBER!



OH--OH! THERE THEY ARE!



STOP! WHAT DO YOU WANT IN THERE?

COME ON, AND I'LL SHOW YOU



HAVE YOU GOT SOME VASELINE-- AND SOME CLEAN RASS-- AND SOME EXTRA PANTS--?

NO?



GASOLINE—I'LL NEED THAT
TO GET THE TANK OFF



HE'S
CRAZY,
ELLA

--AND THIS TOO? IT
WILL DO IN PLACE OF
VASELINE



BUT THAT'S
ALL THE BUTTER
WE'VE GOT!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU
DIDN'T HAVE ANY SPARE
PANTS?



WHERE IS
HE GOING
WITH ALL
THAT STUFF?

I TOLD YOU HE
WAS CRAZY...
BUT HE WON'T
GET FAR, IF I
CAN HELP IT.



NOW--YOU
CRAZY THIEF--



TURN AROUND AND TAKE
THOSE THINGS BACK TO
OUR TRAILER, OR
I'LL-- I'LL PULL THE
TRIGGER.

AND THEN
WHAT, JANEY?



YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THE SAND WHERE
YOUR CAR IS STUCK WITHOUT MY HELP--
SO YOU'D BETTER TRADE THAT GUN FOR
SOME OF THE STUFF I'M CARRYING
AND COME ALONG

OH!

MAYBE WE'D
BETTER, JANE



THAT'S BETTER! THERE'S A FELLOW
IN TROUBLE UP THE ROAD, WHO
NEEDS THESE THINGS.



WHERE?

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

I LEFT HIM LYING BEHIND THIS BUSH.



I DON'T SEE ANYBODY...

WATER! MORE
WATER!--



AIE--EEEEEE!

NEVER MIND THOSE KIDS, BROTHER...
TAKE ANOTHER DRINK OF WATER
AND I'LL START CLEANING YOU UP.



GASOLINE TAKES THAT STUFF
OFF FINE!



... AND BUTTER WILL TAKE THE
SMART OUT OF YOUR BRAIN... WHAT'S
YOUR NAME, BROTHER?



WESTON-- STEVE
WESTON...

THEY DUMPED
ME OUT OF A
TRUCK HERE--
TO DIE!





DON'T TRY TO TALK
NOW, FELLOW-- WAIT
TILL YOU GET IN
THAT TRAILER AND
REST AWHILE.

QUIT THAT--
AND HELP ME
WITH THIS BOY

OHMM?



HE ISN'T THE--
THE CREATURE
BACK THERE BY
THE ROAD?

THE SAME-- WITH THE
TAN AND FEATHERS
OFF HIM? AND HE'S
SICK!



GIRLS, HIS NAME IS STEVE
WESTON... GET HIM A
GOLD DRINK.

HE'S ONLY A NO--

LIKE US?



ICE? REAL
ICE IN IT?

YOU POOR BOY? FEEL
BETTER NOW?



AND WE
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
INSANE! BUT
WHAT-- WHO--?

I'M JUST A CONBOY WHO
HAPPENED ALONG... YOU CAN
CALL ME ROY... ELLA?

NOW, STEVE, IF YOU WANT TO TELL US HOW YOU HAPPENED TO LAND IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WITH THAT SUIT OF TAIL-AND-FEATHERS—



I SURE DO, BOY! IT WAS THIS WAY—



"I'VE GOT A PLACER CLAIM ON THE SALMON RIVER WITH A HOMEMADE WATER WHEEL TO FILL MY SLUICE TROUGH

"WITH THAT RIG I WAS WASHING OUT BETTER THAN DAY WAGES--AND MY NEIGHBORS GOT JEALOUS.



"PLACER MINERS ARE ALL KINDS-- BUT THE DARNIEST OF THEM ALL IS AN OLD CUSS NAMED COMBES, WHOSE CLAIM IS NEXT TO MINE.



"OLD CURRY COMBES, AS I CALLED HIM, SNITCHED A NUGGET OR TWO OUT OF MY SLUICE BOX WHEN HE THOUGHT I WASN'T LOOKING.



"WHEN I ACCUSED HIM AND ORDERED HIM OFF MY CLAIM, HE GOT SORT OF





"THE BIG SHOCK CAME YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS DIGGING NEAR THE EDGE OF OLD CURRY'S CLAIM."

WOW!



"THE BIGGEST HUSSET OF GOLD THAT I'D EVER SEEN WAS SITTING RIGHT THERE ON THE END OF MY SHOVEL!"



"THERE WERE MORE HUSSETS AND DUST IN THE HOLE—I WAS SO BUSY SAWING AT THEM THAT I DIDN'T NOTICE OLD CURRY COMING SNEAKING UP—"



HEE, HEE, HEE! STRUCK IT RICH, EH?



"KNOWING THAT MY SECRET WAS OUT, MADE ME PLENTY MAD—I CHASED OLD CURRY—WHEED OFF MY CLAIM AGAIN."



"I SWE TOOK I WAS SURE TO CLEANED BUT THAT RICH LITTLE POCKET."



"WHEN I'D WASHED THE STUFF OUT, I KNEW THERE WAS TOO MUCH GOLD TO KEEP AROUND--WITHOUT GETTING MY THROAT CUT."



"SO I HEADED FOR TOWN."



"WHAT I DON'T COUNT ON WAS OLD CURRY COMING FOLLOWING ME TO DRY-GULCH ME."



"HE PRETTY NEAR SUCCEEDED ..."



"I NEVER MOVED SO QUICK AS WHEN THAT BULLET CUT MY SLEEVE."

"I WAS SO MAD THAT I HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE OLD OROCK'S RIFLE--WITH MY SIX GUN SMOKING. OLD CURRY WAS SO SCARED ..."



"... THAT HE TRIPPED AND BUMPED HIS HEAD ON A ROCK."



"THE BLOW HAD
KNOCKED HIM OUT
BUT IT WAS NOT A
SERIOUS HURT. HE'D
COME TO IN A FEW
MINUTES AND GO
HOME. I THOUGHT



"OLD GURRY'S ATTACK HAD
MADE ME JUMPY, THOUGH --
SO I BURIED MOST OF MY
GOLD WHERE I COULD FIND
IT LATER.



"AND WENT ON TO TOWN FOR
A FEW SUPPLIES



"I WAS JUST STARTING
HOME WHEN I SPOTTED
OLD GURRY COMING.



THERE'S THAT MURDERIN' ROBBER! HE KNOCKED ME
OUT AND STOLE ALL MY DUST AND NUGGETS -- BUT I
FOLLOWED HIM!



"THE MINUTE HE
SAW ME HE PUT ON A
BIG ACT -- AND THE
CROWD FELL FOR IT!"

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS,
ARE YOU GOING TO LET THE
CUSS GET AWAY WITH IT?



"GURRY WAS KNOWN IN TOWN
-- AND HIS LOOKS BACKED
UP HIS LYING STORY."

SEARCH HIM -- IF HE'S
GOT THE STUFF, THAT
WILL BE PROOF!



YOU'RE ALL WET -- OLD
COMBES TRIED TO ROB
ME!



"OLD COMBES MADE SURE THAT THEY TOOK ME SO FAR INTO THE DESERT THAT I'D NEVER GET BACK BY MYSELF."



"I'LL BET RIGHT NOW THAT THE OLD BOY IS DRIVING OVER MY CLAIM FOR THE 'RICH STRIKE' HE THINKS IS STILL THERE."

"WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM THEN, STEVE."



"OH, I DON'T KNOW THAT IT MAKES MUCH DIFFERENCE—THE POCKET THAT I CLEANED OUT WAS LIKELY THE ONLY ONE. THE REST OF THE PAY DIRT IS JUST WORTH GOOD WAGES."



"STEVE, I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL IDEA! TAKE US IN AS PARTNERS."



"OH, PLEASE! WE GAVE WEST LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE AND WORK."

"OKAY—SHAKE ON IT, PARTNERS! I'LL DIG IF YOU'LL FEED ME SOME REAL HOME-COOKED MEALS."



"AND WE'RE NOT LEAVING BOY OUT OF THIS—I OWE HIM THE BIGGEST SHARE."

"FORGET IT, STEVE! I'M NO MINER."



"BUT I'LL STICK AROUND TILL YOU KIDS GET BACK ON YOUR CLAIM, SAFE AND SOUND. THAT MAY TAKE SOME GOING!"



NEXT MORNING.



TRIGGER AND I WILL GO AHEAD AND PICK THE BEST GOING. IT'S ABOUT TWENTY MILES TO THE SALMON RIVER, BUT THERE'S NO ROAD.



EVERYBODY OUT! FROM HERE ON WE WALK.



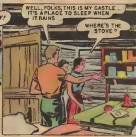
BUT WHERE IS THE RIVER?



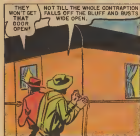
YOU'LL SEE OUR DIGGINGS IN A MINUTE.













YEAH--SOMETHING'S WRONG, ROYT OLD CURRY AND HIS BUNCH.....

COME ON, "TRIGGER"-- WE'LL FIND OUT, PRONTO















ROY ROGERS

in Jerkline Feud

THERE'S A SILENT TRIGGER--
AN OLD-TIME, JERKLINE
FRESHMEAT OUTFIT.

WHOA-A-AM!

COYOTE WELLS
TRADING
POST



NOT YOU, SMITH--YOU'RE
JESS BARBARO'S WILLOW
DOG! YOU KEEP AWAY
FROM MY DAD, OR I'LL
CLIP YOUR EAR.

HAH--YOU DANGERY
LITTLE SQUIRT! I
WAS JUST TRYING
TO BE FRIENDLY...



COME ON, MISTER!
DAD'S IN THIS WAGON,
WITH SB.... WE'VE
MADE A KIND OF
STRETCHER
FOR HIM.



THIS MONEY IS TO HIRE A NURSE--TWO NURSES-- AND FOR ANYTHING DAD NEEDS... KID AND I HAVE GOT TO TAKE OUR FREIGHT WAGONS THROUGH.

WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR DAD, BUT YOU TWO KIDS CAN'T...

"CAN'T" IS A WORD THAT WE MORTONS DON'T USE, DOCTOR. DAD TAUGHT BOTH OF US TO DRIVE A JERKLINE OUTFIT.

AND IF WE DON'T GET THROUGH TO THE NEW MINING CAMP AT COBALT, JESS TANKARD WILL GRAB ALL DAD'S BUSINESS, DOCTOR!

THANKS AGAIN FOR HELPING US, MISTER.

ROY ROGERS TO YOU, SKE!

HEY! WHAT'S SIFTY GORMAN DOING ON MY HORSE?

GET OFF, SIFTY-- AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

DON'T BE A DANG FOOL, KID! I'M THE ONLY MAN BESIDES JESS TANKARD WHO CAN DRIVE YOUR OUTFIT... YOU WANT THE FREIGHT TO GO THROUGH, DON'T YOU?

GET OFF, YOU COYOTE, OR I'LL...

LAY OFF, YOU LI'L-- BRAT...

THAT'S FOR BEING PRODDY...

...AND THIS IS FOR WHAT YOU CALLED ME...





SO LONG, KIDS—
GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL NEED IT, BOY—SAD
ROAD BETWEEN HERE
AND COBALT CAMP, ...

YEA-AY, MOLLY! YEA-AY
ROCKET! PULL!



WAGA-OR THERE, MORTON!
YOU'D NOT DRIVING THAT
TEAM INTO TOWN!

WHO SAYS I'M
NOT, TANKARD?
YEA-AY,
PONIES!



SHUTTY, RUN AHEAD AND STOP THE
LEAD HORSES! I GOT A MORTGAGE
ON THIS OUTFIT, MORTON— AND I
AIN'T GOING TO SEE A POOL KID
BUST IT TO KINDLING WOOD!



GET OFF
THAT HAZEL
HORSE BEFORE
I CRUMBLE
HIM!

YOU'RE A LIAR AND
A COWARD,
TANKARD!
YOU'VE GOT NO
MORTGAGE—
AND YOU'D BETTER
NOT SHOOT MY
HORSE!



WONT I?
YI!



ON YOUR MARK, TANKARD... AND
LEAVE THE GUN WHERE IT
LIES! YOU'RE LUCKY NOT
TO BE HURT AFTER
THAT PLAY!

ARGH!

W. S. S.







COME ON, KIDS—HELP ME GET THIS WAGON BED UNLOADED. WE WON'T HELLER "GUTS" TILL WE'VE TRIED IT.

ROY, DO YOU THINK—WE CAN?



ALL RIGHT--BRING IT UP CLOSE... THEN, YOU HOLD THE REACH, KEN.

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO LIFT THAT END OF THE BED...?



THIS WAY! READY--WELL-- THAT-- REACH!

YOU--YOU'RE LIFTING IT ALONE!



SHE'S ALL SPICED AND BOLTED TIGHT, KIDS... LET'S LOAD UP AND YOU CAN ROLL AGAIN!

ROY ROGERS, I--I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY--OR HOW TO THANK YOU!



YOU'VE SURE SAVED OUR BACON, ROY!

NOY YET, KEN! CAN'T TELL WHAT JESS TANKARD MAY TRY IF HE LEARNS WE'RE FOLLOWING HIM IN.



YOU AND ROY RIDE AHEAD AND LOOK FOR BOOBY TRAPS, KEN. I'LL DRIVE THE TEAM.

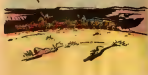
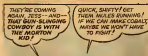
GOOD IDEA!

OKAY, JES!













I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, ROY....



I'VE GOT THE BRAKE ROPE-- NOW-- TO PULL, PULL!



WHAT WENT WRONG?

WHY DID THAKARD JUMP?

BRAKE ROPE BROKE AND THERE'S DYNAMITE ON THE LOAD!

I'LL BE--DID YA HEAR THAT, BOSS? HE THAT RUNNIN' HAD HIT SOME-THING IN TOWN--

WE'D BEEN SHOWN SKY--MIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT YOUNG MORTON AND YOU, STRANGERS, MUST HAVE FIGURED WHEN YOU RISK--ED YOUR LIVES....



HERE COMES MORTON'S CURE-- NOW-- WITH SALLY MORTON DRIVING!



MORTON, FROM NOW ON, I'M LETTING NO FREIGHT CONTRACTS TO ANY OUTFIT BUT YOURS. ... WE OWE A LOT TO YOU AND YOUR PARTNER HERE FOR SOME MIGHTY QUICK THINKING!

THANKS, MR. WAYNE-- BUT....



... MOST OF THE CREDIT GOES TO ROY ROGERS.

I'LL SAY! IF ROY HADN'T STOOD BY US TODAY, WE WOULDN'T BE HERE TO TELL ABOUT IT.

PIONEERS OF THE OLD WEST



Evening shadows lengthened across the Kentucky River as the three girls paddled out from Boonesboro's log fort.

"My, but those boys were disappointed! They thought we were going to take them along," laughed Jemima Boone, from the stern of their birch-bark canoe.

"There's no chance for spooning back at the fort," giggled Betsy Calloway, "without some old pussycat spying on us . . . On the river they'd feel free—"

"TOO free, perhaps!," her sister Frances put in. "Buddy Calloway is my own brother, but he's a tease and a cut-up. He'd yell, 'INJUNS—LOOK OUT!' just to hear Jemima scream."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the fourteen-year-old daughter of Daniel Boone. "Buddy couldn't scare me . . . I don't believe there's a redskin within thirty miles . . . Let's paddle across to the other shore."

The girls' three paddles dipped, rippling the mirrored shadow of the fort. The birchbark picked up speed. In a few moments it was gliding close to the bushes on the opposite bank.

"Jemima!" cried Frances. "Steer for that bunch of wildflowers—we'll take

home a bouquet . . ."

The canoe swung in. Frances reached out to pick the blossoms—just as a pointed savage slid into the water ahead of her!

Quick-thinking Jemima dug her paddle deeply, but the Indian made a lunge, grabbing the rope at the bow.

"Keep-um mouth shut or me kill!" he warned, raising a war club . . . But he was too late. Scream after scream pierced the evening stillness. As more savages popped out of the bushes, waving knives and tomahawks, the girls screamed louder. They stopped only when rough hands dragged them out of their canoe, and dirty fingers closed over their mouths.

Back at the fort those shrieks had been heard—and understood! But the girls had the fort's only canoe!

Sam Henderson, John Holder, and Buddy Calloway reached the river's edge with the first of a furious crowd. The boys were all for swimming. Older men had to hold them back.

"Don't be fools!" snapped Colonel Floyd. "That bunch of injuns would pick you off in the water like sitting ducks. You wouldn't have a chance to fight! Wait till Don'l Boone gets home, and let him lead the rescue party. If



there's a way to get the girls back unharmed, he'll figure it out . . . But you can't track Injuns in the dark."

Night fell quickly on a sleepless settlement. Boone arrived with the father of Betty and Frances Callaway. They heard the news with grim faces.

"We can't do anything till daylight," the great frontiersman remarked. "Then I'll start trailing those red-skinned wolves. I'll take only a few men—who can travel without rest and without noise, and fight to the last drop of their blood if need be. Sam Henderson, young Callaway, John Holder, and Colonel Floyd—you can come. I'll pick two or three others. Now, friends, try to get a night's sleep, 'cause you're going to need it!"

The first gray light of dawn showed a string of darker shadows moving across the river. There were eight of them. As they reached the farther shore from the fort, they rose suddenly out of the water—eight naked men pushing tiny rafts!

Taking their clothes and rifles from the rafts, Daniel Boone and his party dressed hurriedly. The daylight was getting bright enough to read signs. A few moments later Boone found it—

the trail of three girls and a band of Indians leading into the tall "cane" or reeds . . . And there it disappeared! Splitting up, the savages had left no trail at all through the tall cane growth.

"We'll circle and cut their trail farther on," the veteran Indian fighter comforted his friends. "I know about where that war party is headed . . . They'll hit into the old buffalo trails thirty miles from here . . . And then they'll get mighty careless."

Daniel Boone was right, although the thirty-mile stretch must have seemed like a wild-goose chase to some of his companions. In an old buffalo trail they did pick up the tracks of their enemies . . . And among the toed-in prints of moccasins showed the heel marks of white women's shoes!

The old buffalo trace wound through grassy prairie that was broken here and there by stands of trees. Lower and lower in the west sank the sun. The boys pressed on faster—dreading another night like the last one for their sweethearts. But Boone warned them sternly.

"I'm as anxious about that daughter of mine as you are, Sam Henderson," he said. "But Injuns are bloody devils. They'd kill the girls rather than leave them, if they knew we were close on their trail. If you bull ahead and let those savages see you first, we'll have a job of burying—instead of rescuing."

Dusk had fallen. The Indians were just lighting their campfire, when Boone's party jumped them, with blazing rifles. Like shadows the red men melted into the trees and brush . . . But the surprise had been so complete that all of the savages' weapons—and even their moccasins—were left behind!

Also left behind, and quite unharmed, were the three terrified girls. Their boy friends had well earned the right to "pop the question," and they did so at the first opportunity. Two weeks later a general call went out through the pioneer settlement of Boonesboro, for everybody to come to the first white man's wedding held in the wild territory of Kentucky.

TRIGGER



SEE, UNCLE MIKE! TRIGGER JUMPS THAT DITCH AS IF HE HAD WINGS!

HE DOES THINGS SO EASILY-- THAT'S WHY HE NEVER GETS TIRED.

I'VE SEEN HIM TIRED, KIDS-- SO TIRED I EXPECTED HIM TO DROP DEAD! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT, IF YOU LIKE-- A TERRIBLE, WONDERFUL RIDE...

OH, GO, PLEASE, UNCLE MIKE!



IT WAS SEVERAL YEARS AGO, WHEN TRIGGER'S OWNER AND I WERE EXPLORING SOME UN-MAPPED CANYONS, WAY BACK IN THE GALLINA RIVER COUNTRY...



"AS WE ROUNDED A SHARP BEND, TRIGGER SHORTED... HE SMELLED SMOKE!"



"A LITTLE FARTHER ON WE SAW IT-- A 'SPIRIT FIRE,' FED BY A RINCH OF BUCK INDIANS... I KNEW WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE THAT MEANT!"

WHY DOES SORROW
DARKEN THE FACES OF
MY FRIEND WAR EAGLE
AND HIS PEOPLE?

THE CHOKING SICK-
NESS! MANY CHILDREN
DIE! FIRE KEEP BAD
SPIRITS FROM ENTER-
ING THE DEAD



"I KNEW THE CHIEF, AND I KNEW THE
"CHOKING SICKNESS" -- DIPHTHERIA!



"THERE WERE KIDS, STILL ALIVE, LYING OUTSIDE
THEIR SUMMER HODGANS, IN THE CHILLY AIR
OF OCTOBER."

WE'VE GOT TO HAVE
SERUM--LOTS OF IT, MINE!
TAKE TRIGGER AND
RIDE!

YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT
IT'S SIXTY MILES
ROUND TRIP
THROUGH WICKED
COUNTRY!



EVERY HOUR COUNTS FOR
DIPHTHERIA, MIKE! EVEN
IF IT MEANS TRIGGER'S
LIFE--PUSH HIM TO THE
LIMIT! I'LL STAY HERE
AND NURSE THESE KIDS.

ALL RIGHT--IT'S
THE ONLY WAY,
I KNOW.



"WITH THE CHIEF'S HELP
I PICKED THE FOUR BEST
HORSES TO RUN WITH
TRIGGER AND CARRY ON
IF HE SHOULD GET HURT
THE FIRST WAS WAR
EAGLE'S BIG CHARGER,
NIGHT WIND



"THE NEXT ONE I PICKED WAS LITTLE MAN'S.
BLUE ROAN. BLUE HORSE WAS ALL FIRE
AND NERVES AND BUILT FOR SPEED



"THE THIRD WAS TALL HUNTER'S, PLUNGER
-- A POWERFUL BAY



"THE MEXICAN TRADER'S SON, TOMASO, HAD A LITTLE
STALLION, THAT I CHOSE AS FOURTH BEST



"TEN MINUTES AFTER WE'D SEEN THEIR FIRE, I WAS STARTING BACK--WITH TRIGGER AND FOUR FINE HORSES, IN A RACE WITH DEATH!"



"BLUE HORSE WENT AHEAD OF THE REST-- NO WAY TO START A LONG RIDE? BUT FOR TEN MILES HE KEPT HIS LEAD."



"THEN SUDDENLY HE FELL BEHIND. BLUE HORSE HAD GIVEN HIS BEST ALREADY-- HE WAS OUT OF THE RACE!"



"FOUR HORSES NOW FACED THE WORST PART OF THE TRAIL-- A BIG, HIGH RIDGE TO CLIMB AND DESCEND..."



"A BOULDER-CHOKED CANYON..."



"A FLAT THAT WAS CUT BY 'PERRIES'-- DEEP WASHOUTS WITH STRAIGHT SIDES."



*THERE TALL HUNTER TRIED
A JUMP THAT ONLY A FRESH
HORSE COULD HAVE MADE.
HIS BIG RAT BARELY
REACHED THE FARTHER
EDGE--



*THAT WAS TWO LIVES LOST
--A BRAVE MAN AND A
GALLANT HORSE! WE SAW
IT, BUT WE COULDN'T STOP



*THREE GREAT HORSES CARRIED
ON -- WITH TRIGGER IN THE LEAD



*ALLOPUS RODE WITH ONE TERRIBLE
THOUGHT IN MIND -- THOSE NAVAJO YOUNG
STERS SLOWLY CHOKING TO DEATH IN THEIR
MOTHER'S ARMS! CHOKING FOR THE
MEDICINE WE STILL HAD TO GET.



*THE SUN WENT DOWN BEHIND THE MEGAS
TEN MILES -- FIVE MILES TO TOWN -- AND
TRIGGER'S MIGHTY STRIDE WAS AS SMOOTH AS
FLOWING WATER.



*THEN AT LAST, WITH TRIGGER FAR AHEAD,
THE LIGHTS OF THE TOWN EDGED UP AGAINST
THE SKY.



*AT THE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE I LEFT TRIGGER
AND THE OTHERS.



"I TOLD THE SURGEON IN CHARGE WHAT I WANTED--THE LIFESAVING SERUM NOW--AND A DOCTOR WHENEVER HE COULD MAKE THE RIDE."

HERE'S THE SERUM-- WITH SYRINGES, NEEDLES, AND INSTRUCTIONS. I'VE SENT FOR A FRESH HORSE FOR DOCTOR LANGHERE--HE'LL FOLLOW YOU.



"IN HALF THE TIME I'D FIGURED, HE HAD EVERYTHING READY..."



"EVEN TO A SPECIAL ENERGY-DRINK FOR OUR HORSES!"



"THEN WE WERE OFF--CHIEF WARRAGLE AND I! WE'D LEFT TOMATOES TO GUIDE THE YOUNG DOCTOR--THEY'D BE HOURS BEHIND US, IN THE DARK."



"I'D LEFT TRIGGER'S SADDLE BEHIND TO SAVE HIM WEIGHT. I'M NO INDIAN, BUT I STUCK ON, ALL RIGHT--"



"--TILL A LOOSE STONE TRIPPED TRIGGER... I WENT OVER HIS EARL, BANGING MY HEAD AND SHOULDER ON A BIG ROCK."



"I NEVER KNEW WHEN CHIEF WARRAGLE TOOK THAT PRECIOUS BAG OF MEDICINE AND WENT ON."



"WHEN I CAME TO, THERE WAS NOBODY WITH ME BUT TRIGGER. HE HADN'T SUGGESTED."

"I CLIMBED ON HIM AND HUNG TO HIS HARE TILL MY ACHING HEAD CLEARED A BIT. I HAD TO CARRY ON, IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENED TO WAR EAGLE!"



"TRIGGER TACKLED THE GREAT RIDGE WITH ALL HE HAD--HE DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF 'QUIT'!"



"BUT I GOT OFF AND MADE HIM WALK... I HOPED WAR EAGLE HAD DONE THE SAME WITH NIGHT WIND."



"HALFWAY DOWN THE OTHER SLOPE, TRIGGER SHIED AT SOMETHING--AND ALMOST PILED ME AGAIN. SOMETHING HAD SPOOKED HIM."



"IT WAS NIGHT WIND-- WAR EAGLE'S BIG BLACK."



"I SHOUTED THE CHIEF'S NAME--BUT ONLY ECHOES ANSWERED ME."





"THERE WAS A RUSH OF MANY FEET, AND VOICES AROUND US.



"TRIGGER'S MASTER PUT HIS ARMS AROUND HIS HORSE'S NECK AND HUGGED HIM, WITHOUT A WORD



"THEN HE GRABBED THE BAG OF MEDICINE FROM ME AND RAN TO THE NEAREST INDIAN HOGAN."



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